

Pop Smash Rock Hit Explosion (A Collection of Songs)

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Pop Smash Rock Hit Explosion (A Collection of Songs)

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Introduction:

These songs were written, and performed, mainly from 1987 to about 2002. The majority were conceived of as “novelty songs” (as if there were any other kind.) They are mostly “rock” songs, I suppose, although I tend to think of every kind of music as “folk.” Genres grate.

Many of these pieces would not exist without a few collaborators and bands— Jim Murray, Jeff Grimm, John Brophy, Demos Ioannou, Shane Millette, Randy Wyatt, John Hughes, Mike Judge, Donna Francis, Mike Brophy, Matt Rebenkoff, Barry Maguire, Gerald Emerick, Jason Berkowitz; Stroller White and Eric Hamerberg and Beto Ritchie and Priscilla Hartrandft, the old L.A. crew. Talented and generous people who I can never thank enough for, simply, sharing— for the noise.

(Who can forget the Haoles, the psychedelic electric ukulele band rocking Al’s Bar in Los Angeles? Or Big Liver? The Haoles were featured in the documentary film “Rock that Uke,” did a Shag art opening in Palm Springs, California, and played a few times with the legendary King Kukulele. Big Liver was on the radio, KCRW Santa Monica, with “Pumpkin

Head,” and on the soundtrack of the feature film “The Next Tenant,” and was also a chart-topper and money-maker on MP3.com— if anybody remembers that hoary world-wide-web site— with “Comedy Club,” a.k.a. “Bob Hope Will Survive.” Maybe the best act was Ini L’udia, sic, in Slovakia, playing in a medieval cellar. But then there was the Fruki project in Santa Monica, and North Hollywood’s Persistent Vegetative State, the best jam bands in Los Angeles at the time... Some of these pieces were performed a few times at McCabe’s Guitars in Santa Monica, as well.)

These lyrics— and a few others, shall we say the B-sides?— were originally collected in a series of self-published chapbooks, “Greatest Hiss,” and “Pop Smash Rock Hit Explosion.” They are presented here in close to their original forms, (inconsistent with regards to capitalization and punctuation, some with chords and/or dates,) in roughly chronological order.

Windshield Face

Fin car fishtailing
Baby wailing
Whitewall tires squealed
Now baby’s killed

We went steady
All the time
Almost ready
to be all mine

Curve
Swerve
What I get
What I deserve

Summer romance

Burial in Fall
One that I dig
Most of all

Senior year
Pep rally, beer
Blood on the odometer
Blood and cashmere

Now I'm waiting
She's not dating
I know in Heaven
We'll be mating

(C, Am, F, G)

Amish Hitchhiker

Amish Hitchhiker
Dressed like a biker
Standing alone
By the rural pay phone

chorus:
Amish Hitchhiker (Amish Hitchhiker)
I kind of like her

Carriage whip crack
Never go back
Made up her mind
to leave the sect behind

Blue bonnet muslin

fiancé cousin
Everybody on the farm said
You'd come to harm

(chorus)

Now I've done a lot of drivin'
as a Northeastern Ohioan
Pulled many a heavy load
over a many a state and county road
Now this modern world don't want me
and them hex signs seem to haunt me
You know it's true— Ich liebe dich

(chorus)

Hitchhikin' Amish girl (Hitchhikin' Amish girl)
from another world

Julie (moderato, G, Bm, C, D7, guitars and beer)

“Hey— let's sing about this girl I'm in love with named Julie!”

J, e, w, e, l, y
your your your
my my my

You're like a diamond, you're like a pear,
you're like a pair of underwear
I been to France, I take my stance,
I swear they don't wear no underpants

Julie, Julie, I love you truly, I duly

“OK, OK, I’m going to play a solo for Julie.”

I remember you in 1982
Tea tea tea for two, me and you
Yellow submarine to the back of the woods
Eating your hair and pretending it’s food

Like a pearl in an oyster shell
dripping wet fishing net wishing well

Cruising in the rain to the drive-in show
hiding in the trunk to watch “Cujo”
I said “Julie do you think I’m a good actor
like that guy who kills the dog in the end?”
She said “Yeah now watch me be Cujo”
and she bit off my hand
Frothing at the mouth but I love you dear
Face looked like a mug of root beer

J, e, w, e, l, y, your your your, my oh my

Like a bouquet of American Beauty
Rooty tooty snooty little Julie Julie cutie

Julie Julie I love youly, never gonna go back to school
let’s go do some wooly bully

AB Julie C Julie D Julie EFG Julie HIJKLMN OP Julie
QRST Julie UV protection Julie WXY ZZ Julie

123 Julie 4 5 6 7 8 9 10 11 12 13 14 15 sixteen
sweet Julieen in line at the Dairy Queen

You're better than a double nut fudge banana brownie surprise
I can tell because you've got a maraschino cherry in your
bloodshot eyes

"I'm going to play an Elvis solo to match the texture of her skin."
"Elvis?"
"Velvet."

You give the best shoulder rubs
that I ever got
Julie Julie I'm going to sing in falsetto
if you ever leave me for another fellow
I hope you don't go away and live in the ghetto

"I don't want this song to end."

I'm gonna give her all my love
Gonna ask for some of it back
In case she does what the other chicks did
way back in 1962 and '68 and '74...

"I'm going to sing like Chet Baker
because that'll make her love me even more."

Let's get lost

(1989)

Rip Van Hippie

Rip Van Hippie was trippin' hard
when he fell asleep in the back yard
Bummed out by his jive old lady

passed out for the '70s and '80s

Rip Van Hippie, Rip Van Hippie
Dropped out of time
but he's doing fine

Talks weird, ZZ Top beard
Snoozed for years now he's
ready for some beers

Rip Van Hippie, sleepy head
Covered with moss
though you were dead

Bell-bottom fringe
coming off his binge
Kind of old-fangled
His van is star-spangled

Smiley face button and granny glasses
Unfamiliar with unleaded gases

Rip Van Hippie, Rip Van Hippie
Dropped out of time
tuned back in fine

Ballad Result

Out of sight and
Out of mind
Heart grows fonder
She was never the travelling kind
And I was wont to wander

Picked up my bag
Kicked up my feet
Never looked behind
On the road
Along the street
Down that line

Some cloudy noon
Or moonlit night
All alone
Wondering when
Wond'ring might
Find me home

Long away
Far to go
Her face to see
High tides flow and
Flowers blow
My true love to thee

CC

remember all those rides we used to take together
thinking of you now like cubic centimeters
just ride on baby
get on back

never had a clue to where we were going
aimless kind of fun all summer long
ride on baby
jump on back

tiger lilies blow by stroboscopic corn rows
colonial tombstones and the fragrance of gingko
flag flappin' fire crackin' northern light show
sometimes we'd go fast and sometimes real slow o o

guess we grew up but i never noticed
can't deny the evidence in black and white photos
ride on baby
get on back

still love to kick start and circle the park
take you to that spot headlight circle after dark
ride on baby
come on back

Developer

(just) wallet size
I remember your eyes
black and white
on an autumn night

curtained picture booth
flashing bloom of youth
four different poses
of our touching noses

glossy eight by ten
looking back on when
a little diffusion
a little confusion

oil paint portrait

still isn't dry yet
your pretty frame
is still the same

Blues Rail

the train was invented in the late 18th century
said the train was invented in the late 18th century
external combustion, powered by steam

first working model was "Old Ironsides"
first working model was called "Old Ironsides"
followed by "The Rocket," eighteen hunner twenny-nine

train come to be a metaphor
in the music called "the blues"
powerful metaphor
in the music called "the blues"

all them cars was heaped with meaning
but nothing compared to you

T. Rex Style

Thinking 'bout you
Think about your shoes
Think about your toes
too
Thinking 'bout you

Lipstick menthol cigarette
Chrome tape digital dual cassette
Black lash blue lid Aqua Net
Top down leather bound blonde Corvette

Thinking 'bout you
Think about your tongue
Kissing your scars

(Meanwhile, I was still thinkin')

Love Dick (Detective of Love)

Finding out
About you finding out about
Mysterious calls
Perfume in the hall
Another lost weekend
Shirt collar lipstick
Love Dick (Love Detective)

Some thing you gotta know
This person you must find
Nowhere else to go
Running— out of time
Inside track
Cut to the quick
Love Dick (Love Detective)

Pocket my piece in case of trouble
Draw the blinds and down a double
Slip out in the sticky night
Living between wrong and daylight

A passionate affair
No-one else around
Never thought you'd dare
Catch you when you're down

Standing in the shadows
Where the fog is thick
Love Dick (Love Detective)

Full investigation
Vital information
Most important clue
Concerning your tattoo
Gun barrel flashes
Empty chamber clicks
Love Dick (Love Detective)

Wheeling 'round late model sedan
Covered your tracks ever since you ran
Every stolen moment, illicit rendezvous
Focused with my private eye on you

Seen a lot of scenes
Like sleazy magazines
Shot of lingerie
As the squad car pulls away
File that charge and
Make it stick
Love Dick (Love Detective)

Zombie Lover

“It was a really beautiful wedding,
except when she threw the bouquet
it wasn't flowers, it was a chicken
with its head cut off...”

In a misty bayou

Where the French is parlayed
Under some voodoo, child
Where she was laid

Some Cajun spell
Incantation of night
Rising up through the moss
In her dress of white

She's my Zombie Lover

Through the quickening gloom
In the thick night air
Rub my wondering eyes and
You're still there

Where are you from
How did you die
Lightning sunders
the boiling sky

Like a pin in my back
Like a stake through my heart
Heaven and Earth cannot
keep us apart

Zombie Lover
I'm the flesh you crave
Zombie Lover
Sharing my grave

Swamp gas bubbles merrily

Cypress roots writhe in ecstasy
Dance until sunrise
Zombie love in your eyes
Silver bullets ricochet
Les bon temps roulet

Zombie girl
You brought me back to life
In the underworld
Be my undead wife

Deep in the Gulf
Delta river runs wide
Together forever
Side by side

Garlands of vines and
the warbling loons
Gator eyes gleam in our
Full honey moon

Zombie wife
I'll be your Zombie groom
bear you 'cross the threshold of
our wedding tomb

Zombie Lover,
She's my Zombie Lover

Bob Marley Song

Bob Marley was pulled over
by them police

Bob Marley was in a word hassled by
the authorities

Bob Marley had one thing to say to them
selfsame police

Bob Marley said “All herb is mine.”

chorus:

All herb is mine, All herb is mine

This happened even before he was
read him rights
and this happened down in London town,
where there are no enumerated civil rights, but
nevertheless, Bob Marley’s first remark to the arresting officer was
“Mr. Bobby, all herb is mine.”

(chorus)

Cave Painter

Drawing some cows
drawing some horses
thinking about
mystical forces

got some paint
got some chalk
put my handprint
on the rock

got a bone spear thrower
black leather pants

spend my winters
in the south of France

some of the tribe
think it's just dumb
neanderthals don't know
where I'm coming from

do some hunting
collect some food
but I'm really an artist
it's what I do

cave painter
(cave painter)
doing some graphic design
for the dawn of time

Raise on High the Lowly

chorus:
raise on high the lowly
raise on high the lowly
raise on high the lowly
guide our feet to the path of peace

they needed more tax money
up in rome
made joseph and his fiancé
leave their home

walking through samaria
up from galilee

to bethlehem, judeae
to fulfil the decree

to the city of david
many miles they went
joseph and mary
with the heir apparent

over mountains and desert
to be registered
in the crystal spring air
her voice was heard (she said)

(chorus)

this man and this woman
they walked for days
but in bethlehem
there was nowhere to stay

little pregnant girl
i just can't see
they told old joseph
“no vacancy”

well that baby couldn't wait
'cause that's how babies are
come into this world
under that risen star

she laid him in a trough
all swaddled in white

and her voice rang clear
that brilliant night

(chorus)

they returned by and by
to that shining sea
by the rocky shore of
galilee

and all the taxes were levied
unto caesar his due
but that money was nothing
against the testament true

there's a new day nigh
a higher account
and your gold'll be useless
no matter what the amount

the meek raised up
and the mighty in thrall
remember why He was born
when you hear the call

(chorus)

(1995)

Pumpkin Head

Big ball head flying
through the night

skull crack streetlamp
bustin' out your lights
we'll be creeping up behind all ghostly and eerie
gonna snag it and snap it like the world series
pumpkin head, mister pumpkin head
jack, whatever— splat: you're dead

one night a year thirty-first of october
the dead only walk we take over
candy corn smarties midget chocolate clark bars
this might be your kick but its not ours
toilet paper soap eggs by the crate
no nursery mercy when we celebrate

witches old warts
blood of the vampire
frankenstein farts
the flaming orange flier

pumpkin head mister pumpkin brain mind
smash you so smashed just be a stain behind
pumpkin head mister pumpkin frost
like a fat flying bat now you're
squashed

Pablum (Pop song '96)

remastered beatles album
another disc of digital pablum
recycled nostalgia yeah
pop culture eats its dead
now there's nothing new instead
stale and crusty white inbred now

well if buddy holly was alive today then
jimi hendrix'd have something to say
whole lotta zeppelin is just ok
yesterday (now)
try a new line see if it's true
don't shrink from things that are new
one-track rut diggin' it too
bore-a-saurus

Suburban Blues Venue

Down in the Chicago Delta
They got a train up in the sky
Northside Chicago Delta train
Way up in the sky
Take the Red Line out to Midway
Hope I don't miss my flight

Livin' on the road you know
My schedule's out of hand
Dusty airport access road
Cotton-pickin' schedule's out of hand
But you know I make some time for a
Smokin' Blues Revival Band

Drink that top-shelf liquor
Lick that nouveau barbecue
Drink down all that liquor now
Drippin' tangy barbecue
Smoke your reefer behind the strip mall
at the suburban blues venue

Suburban blues venue

latest thing around
Suburban blues venue
Near got that style down
Get that low-down dirty home-slice feeling
without going near downtown

Joey Ramone

J-O-E-Y
R-A-M-O-N-E
sounds to me
just like NYC

J-O-E-Y
R-A-M-O-N-E
hey, ho, ho, hey
sounds to me
just like USA

Jonathan Richman Song

well that jonathan
he's a real cool guy
saw him on the street
walking by

he wasn't cold he wasn't a loof
i said hi
he said how do you do
jonathan
jonathan richman

he was on his way
to a rock and roll show

not too busy to stop
and say hello

now a lot of these fellas
rockin' the nation
are way too important for casual
salutations
but not jonathan
jonathan richman

now a lot of rocknrollers they got plenty of style
but it's pulling teeth just to get a real smile
well jonathan rocks like there's nothing to it
and he's not provin' much save he likes to do it

mister jonathan richman
he plays and sings
and he'll just write a song about
any old thing
that suits jonathan
jonathan richman

(guitar now)

everybody loves him
don't you know
he should have his own jonathan richman
afterschool special television show
starring jonathan
jonathan richman

you remember roadrunner and pablo picasso
the modern lovers' sound gettin' out of the hospital
hippie johnny walkin' by you know he's back in your life now
buzzin' mosquito like the natural sounds of
jonathan
jonathan richman

Last Protest Song

I'll sing one last protest song
concerning all the shit that I think has gone wrong
The air is sick and the earth is thin
too many little angels on the head of this pin

Point it out just this one last time
Jump off the fence walk over the line
Razor wire, barricade
Rubber bullets rain on my parade

Nation of sheep/ flocking fast asleep
Drug czar battles/ pharmaceutical mad cattle

I'm tired of sick and sick of tired
Your flaccid ad fads fail to inspire
Sound byte dog fight flak and spin
that choking sound is what you're soaking in

Locked down tight every last night
Wish you made on a porno satellite
Nothing strange no spare change in my
gated community home on the range

Pigs in a poke/ Bad taste like a pedophile joke/

Farmer's wife and the butcher's daughter/
Bearing arms to the slaughter

Git on branded like that in your NFL hat
Feed the fire cat you'll need your fat
When you burn both ends on your SUV
Generation X-treme no never mind to me

Son of a rolling stone with no cell phone
Fill up my stein blow off the foam, home'
Single tail light fading black and white
I've bitched about enough, so (thank you and)
Good night

Comedy Club

Lenny Bruce was a funny guy—
pissed off a lot of people, then he died
the classic OD on the bathroom floor
always leave them wanting more

John Belushi shooting up
Sam Kinison met a pick-up truck
Chris Farley did coke 'til he dropped dead
Phil Hartman needed a wife like a hole in the head
John Candy's heart exploded
Andy Kaufman's brain imploded

but Uncle Miltie's still alive
Bob Hope will survive
and Richard Pryor's still on fire

heart attack or a vomit choke

some people just can't take a joke...

(1999)

Motorcycle Movie

All-girl group in a motorcycle movie
in them go-go boots in a motorcycle movie
psychedelic belly button epic '60s groovy
plastic mini skirts
nehru shirts
motorcycle movie

might have a car chase
might be a wild race
cruise up to the lake
and make the big mistake

riding my hog
cruising around
unsuspecting California town
burnt down

All-girl group at the biker bar
got the mustang bass and a mirrored guitar
strobe-light zebra stripe dancing bar
kick-start boot (yeah yeah)
leather suit (yeah yeah)
motorcycle movie

Gotta Get Home

Another vacation I should not have gone on
I should have stayed back there where

I was having fun
Now here I am, so far from home
Hanging on the hotel telephone

Greetings from anywhere,
just wish you weren't there
I see the sights and sigh,
I couldn't care
Postcard pretty shiny perfect
picture window view
Sign it "love" and lick it good,
thinking of you

On a mountaintop or a tour bus
Only thinking love, you and us
Dreamboat getaway scuba gear
Hot air balloon, what am I doing here?

chorus:

Gotta get home, gotta run,
back to you, summer fun
Now I'm done, trip's a bummer,
you should have come or
better yet, gotta get home

Seven wonders and seven seas
deluxe accommodations all amenities
I don't care about any of these
I want my charming local specialty

When do we get there? How could I go so far?

What in the world was I thinking
When I was right there where you are?
Sell my car, steal my bike,
lose my bus pass, it's there I like

(chorus)

Allegheny Keg Party Tragedy

(The true story of an altercation betwixt brethren
all on account of some old draught beer)

'Twas back in 'eight-seven
in Fayette County fair
up on Summit Mountain
was a keg party there

Two brothers and their posse
beer bong, weed, and guns
in a shady grove holler under
Friday's setting sun

They all commenced to party
Judas Priest, Motley Crue
When between them brothers
Some trouble 'gan to brew

Ronnie Junior had the kegs
Young Dwayne he owned the tap
Started talking crazy about
taking that keg-tap back

Ronnie Junior told Dwayne

“Goddam I swear I’ll gun you down
if you try to take that keg-tap
back to Uniontown!”

But Dwayne unscrewed that gasket
Hissing out the gas
Ronnie Junior took his rifle out
and shot him in the ass

He screwed that tap back on
and pumped and with his other hand
blew his younger brother
to that promised land

Three dozen people partied
Until that beer was gone
Someone called an ambulance
From home, around dawn

Now Western Pennsylvania
is surely God’s country
But there’s things go down up there
You would not wish on family

It happened in the Bible
And it happened in PA
When a brother took a brother’s
keg-tap away

So pull around your pick-‘em-up trucks
and shine your lights to see
the terrible true story of the

Allegheny

Keg Party

Tragedy

Thing for You

Lovers and friends and
separate ends
people pass right on through
some make a mark
a few cause a spark
and I always had this thing for you
(really big thing for you)

so sorry I'd say
I could never display
anything trite, much less true
that was always my way
but I gotta convey
this thing I've always had for you

I was never that kind
to carry a torch or pine
walk the floor or pitch the whole night through
but it brings me a smile
more than once in a while
remembering you...

years can be gay
twelve months of may
and some long years are blue
they come and go
eddy and flow

but I always had this thing for you

we could have been
and we might have had
and maybe you know it, too
I'm not talking regret
but I won't forget
and I still have this thing for you
(really big thing for you)

Nirvana Blues

I went down to the river
and I found a mountain there
I went down to the river
and I found a mountain there
caught a chairlift with some trout
and I cut off all my hair

Went over to the seashore
crossed the desert there
Went over to the seashore
cross the desert bare
sold my clothes to a cactus
surfed with the Smurfs up there

Met the fat girl in Reno
rented her my legs
fat lady singing
loant her my very last leg
don't know which came first—
rubber chicken or plastic pantyhose egg

Went into the forest
could not find the trees
deep into the wood
could find no trees
think I heard one hand clap
but it was speaking Japanese

Needed me some money so I
went and got a clock
Needed me some money so I
went and got a talking clock
damn thing just run too fast
and I could never figure out the lock

Come into your city
on a single roller skate
Roll into your city here
single headlight roller skate
The Judge he swallowed up that key and said
“Boys: Incarcerate.”

So I tunneled to Tibet
tryin’ to buy a prayer
Tunneled to Tibet
dyin’ to get out of there
the Pope borrowed me a moped
chained to his marble wheelchair

Come to see my baby
found a glacier there
come back to see my baby
found a glacier there

I was thinking about Calcutta
it was a polar bear

Saw the Buddha in the road
jumped over him in my microbus
saw the Buddha in the road
jumped him in my microbus
heard him start to curse so I
threw it in reverse

Nirvana blues
just keep spinning 'round

Plymouth 1621 (Thanksgiving Song)

Pilgrim boy and an Indian girl
giving thanks for a bountiful yield
Native boy and his Puritan girl
hand in hand in this brave new world

On the shore of a new Utopia
Sharing the cornucopia
Harvest thou now the fruit of thine labour
Wax and multiply, love thy neighbour

Pagan boy and a Pilgrim girl
Getting together for the festival

Have some maple syrup
and some acorn cakes
Pop some corn for the quahog bake
Wild turkey and a side of maize
Prithee more cod hollandaise

Immigrant boy and a Native girl
gettin' together
a Plymouth Rockin' New World

Go, Go, Shinkansen!

ichi ni san shi

go go shinkansen
shinkansen go go

go go shinkansen
ikimassho!

hayai
shiroi
subarashi
super groovy

go go shinkansen
shinkansen go

go go shinkansen
shankansen a go go

hikari
kodama
nozomi

tokyo kara
osaka, hakata
niigata, akita
mt. fuji kara aomori

tabuun tsugi hawaii

yama to tane,
tunner(u), hashi...

mirai e
iko ze iko ze!

go go shinkansen
shinkansen go

go go shinkansen
ikimassho!

byuuuuuuun!

jisoku nihyaku goju kilo
supa expresso!

'bee

It came from the 'fifties
like that rock and roll sound
mysterioid object
hover over the ground

flying saucer
the UFO
how does it go
I just don't know

Say it comes from pie
circles in the sky

way-out space-age
satellite

Hang at the beach
or skip off the street
flippin' that disc
every time we meet

simple thing
catch and throw
no competition just
to and fro

all in the wrist
all in the twistin'
like a new dance craze
through the solar system

speed of sound
speed of light
now it glows in the dark
we can play all night
(it's outta sight)

spin spin, spin and spin
spin, spin, jump up
do it again

(June 2009)